THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XLVII.

AURELIA, a name of liquid sweetness, sends me the ensuing epistle, couched in terms of stern severity. I have, for several weeks, been confined to my chamber, by what Sir John Falstaff calls a kind of "sleeping in the blood," and that dog, Listless, dozing by a sort of prescriptive right, has solemnly assured my chambermaid, that he will not be called away from his dreams, while February and March continue rainy. Hence, though naturally inquisitive, I have seen and heard, of late, but little of the town. I will not vouch, therefore, for the accuracy of the following description, which I charitably presume is a flight of invention, rather than a sober narrative. I cannot believe that *glass eyes* are looked through by any, of a juvenile age, except by the youthful chimney sweeper, to whom they are necessary to protect his natural optics from the soot and dust, incident to the exercise of his swarthy profession. I feel extremely angry, when I hear of any garment, restrained by nothing more, than a solitary button, loop, or pin, because if this single security should fail, then, in the language of the law, "for want thereof we should certainly seize—the *body*," and what consequences would result from this, I leave the graver moralists to settle. As a chaste bachelor, averse to chambering and wantonness, and even the appearance of evil, I vehemently protest against this *one* buttoning, and *un*-buttoning scheme, which certainly portends as frank a display of nakedness, as the courtezans of Corinth sometimes contemplated, and the Parisian lasciviousness of Madame Tallien, actually practices with ostentatious audacity.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

A truce!—a truce! Mr. Saunter, to "transparent drapery," for truely it is a *threadbare* subject. Turn your attention to the *importers* of folly, and tax them—Instead of confining poor Listless to *Elbow-Lane*, place him at the Custom-House, and permit no *habits* to be introduced, but such as are suited to the chaste fancy of Mr. Listless, and yourself.

As I am a friend to reformation, when properly conducted, I will inform you, that, within these few days, I have been honoured with the arrival of a *great aunt* and a *third cousin*, from Europe. I fear, by the time their trunks are unpacked, the town will be so inundated with fashionable follies, that it will be impossible, with all your ingenuity, to arrest their progress. We shall lose sight of conundrums, and, from one end of the town to the other, it will be, "*as does Mufti.*"

This said great aunt and third cousin of mine, are native Americans, and, until the spirit of travelling possessed them, were considered as rational and friendly beings. After residing eight or nine years in Europe, and making the *grand tour*, they have returned, with such a host of *grand follies*, that I can no longer contain, within my own breast, the indignation which they have excited. This travelled pair affect to have forgotten every thing that was American, and absolutely require a formal introduction to all their old friends and relations. My first interview with them, had something whimsical in it; you may, from a recital of it, form some idea of *modern good manners*.

After the usual ceremonies of meeting were over, and we had gotten into a pretty easy chit chat, I began, in the course of half an hour, to feel tolerably composed, and had conceived a high idea of my relation's consequence, for they talked, in the most familiar manner, of Lords, Ladies, Earls, and Dukes; when suddenly my aunt seized a little glass, which was suspended by a ribbon from her neck, put it up to her eye, and viewed me, like a flea in a microscope. I felt still more disconcerted, when her accomplished son followed her example,

> For master Jacky is as like his mother,
> As one gooseberry was like another.

What the virtues or powers of these glasses were, I could not imagine; I might be turned upside-down, or inside-out, for aught I knew. There have been so many patented magical discoveries of late, that I took it for granted, my great aunt and third cousin saw through, to the back of my head. After several minutes pointed inspection, "I wish, (said she,) my dear niece, to take a more particular view of your face, to see if there is any resemblance to what you were, when I left this country—It is impossible, Jacky, that you can recollect your cousin—you were too young, and the constant routine of gaiety you have been engaged in, for some years past, must have eradicated all remembrance of your old acquaintance." Now, master Jacky, when he set sail for England, was a well-grown boy of fourteen, and I had not vulgarly recognized, *at first sight*, an old playmate; but I had not impaired my memory, or shortened my sight, by having crossed the Atlantic, and that accounts for it. My aunt next descanted upon the importance of a visit to Europe, to form the manners—"Every thing, in America, was outré, a bore—The formality of Philadelphia was intolerable—The brick-houses and brick-pavements presented such a red-hot appearance, she could scarcely endure it, even in January." She next did me the honour to say, that she would take me under her direction, and endeavour to model me a little after the English manner—"For *we*, *in England*, (said she,) have a happy mode of adjusting our persons, which *you* little Americans seldom can attain. How do you like Jacky's appearance?—My dear, I assure you, he is quite the ton." "Pray, cousin, (said I,) do *you*, *in England*, use but one button to your waistcoat? What has given rise to such a slovenly practice?" "He! he! he! ask what gives rise to a fashion! You might as well search for a needle in a hay-stack—When I came out, coz, this was *all the go* from *Bond-street*. "I profess, (said I,) it has more the appearance of *the go* from *Fleet-street*, as you look as if you were stripping for a race—." "Dam me, that's a quiz, as *we say*, *in England*, but you may be witty, my dear, and laugh if you please, but Devil fetch me, if I hav'nt had half the taylors, in town, at my skirt, to get a sight of the last new cut."

From you, Mr. Saunter, who have become the censor of the age, must we expect a remedy for such evils. If a passage across the Atlantic can banish, from our minds, all remembrance of our friends, our country, and ourselves, then shall we no longer regret the want of that far famed river Lethe, in whose oblivious draught, corroding care, and busy-meddling memory were drowned.

AURELIA.

As my correspondent, after tartly describing the importation of foreign gewgaws, appears very earnest in adjuring me to hinder their exhibition, I will bestow a thought or two, as a legacy to her speculation, and with the artless Ashfield, in the play, "I *will argufy the topic*." To foreign travel, auspiciously begun, and diligently pursued, far from being hostile, I am a friend; and when gentlemen or ladies excurse abroad, I insist upon the utility and the grace of bringing something away, which may prove pleasant and profitable at home. I wish the choice of foreign articles, for domestic consumption, were more scrupulously made. Instead of fictitious diamonds and French paste, we should then see the solid ingot of pure gold, and the scintillant jewel of native splendour. Our American pilgrims, in Europe, are, therefore, reminded, that they should bring home, for our use, patterns more durable, than patterns of broad pantaloons, and vests, not wider than a circingle. A sample of Scotch shrewdness, and of English sagacity, would be of more worth, than all the glass-eyes of Bond-street; and the unsullied purity of Castilian honour, would be more precious and radiant, than the most fanciful bosom pin, from the toyshops of Paris. We may leave coats, with one button, to moulder in Rag fair, and Suwarrow boots to serve as the fire-buckets of a future generation. But would to God, we were studious to import arts and arms, all that is durably useful, and gloriously resplendent; that we could waft, from the opposite shore of the Atlantic, Education to instruct, Liberality to reward, and a spirit to defend our sons. Our returning travellers may bring away whole cargoes of public spirit, and private munificence. They may introduce from Paris, her sculpture gallery, and from Italy her vivid canvas, from Scotland, her literary labour, and from England, her justice, her valour, and her generosity. Let those, who repair to Rome, return with the monuments of classic purity, and let those, who visit Albion, voyage back with the excellency of her laws, the whiteness of her sacred lawn, and the learning of her universities. A lesson, from the banks of the Isis, would be more profitable to direct to a right *mode*, than all

the dress patterns that Goldfinch coxcombs or taylors could import; and if we can learn, from remote nations, wisdom and magnificence, Stedfastness and Sobriety, we may be careless of bringing home a pelise from Paris, or a pair of shovel-nosed shoes from London.

LETTERS,

LITERARY AND POLITICAL.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LA HARPE.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

When an author is recommended, by one man to another, it is not to be understood, that every thing, in him, is approved: because there is scarcely any work, so perfect, as to have no faults. We only mean, that such an author, or such a work, is, in general, deserving of attention, and contains something, which may afford entertainment, or instruction, to the generality of readers.

No man, I suppose, will set up La Harpe, for an infallible oracle of Philosophy, Religion, or Criticism: yet, I know of no work, in any language, that deserves more to be read by a young scholar. As I wish you to become intimately acquainted with him, I will mention a little volume of his, printed at Liege, in 1797, under the title of "Du Fanatisme dans la Langue Revolutionaire. Ou de la Persecution suscitee, par les Barbares du dix huitieme siecle, contre la Religion Chretienne, et ses Ministers. Par Jean Francois La Harpe."

Until you can procure the volume, you will not be displeased to see a few extracts; and a few samples of this Fanaticism, in the language of the revolution, or of this persecution, excited by the barbarians of the eighteenth century, against the Christian Religion, and its ministers.

"Fanaticism, properly speaking, (says La Harpe,) is a zeal for Religion, unenlightened and extravagant. When it is confined to opinions, exaggerated and illusory, it is an error of the mind, which is more especially called Enthusiasm. When it is wrapped up, in minute and frivolous practices, it is a littleness of soul, which is called Superstition. When it produces the reveries of illuminism, of every species, it is a flight of exalted imagination, a blind madness, that is only ridiculous. All these absurdities, will be always found, in all Religions, because Error is inseperable from man; and Christians themselves have not been exempted from them, more than others. Christians are men: and God, who has revealed to the human race, what it ought to believe, could not take away, from his creature, whom he had made essentially free, the liberty of preferring falshood to truth, and evil to good, according to his vanity, and his passions: for God cannot change essences: this is a truth, known to every one, who is not a stranger to sound philosophy.

"Nothing, of what I have hitherto said, of Fanaticism, is applicable to the legal order. It is permitted, to all the world, to reason falsely in its religious investigations, at its own risque, at least, if it does not proceed to preaching: for, from that moment, in every well ordered state, the public authority has the right to repress every thing, which shall have a tendency to disturb the peace; and if the erroneous faith is a private evil, for which the individual is responsible only to Heaven, who judges consciences, the same error propagated, which may have dangerous consequences, is amenable to the magistrate, and so much the more, because it can never be diffused with a good intention: and all human government, resting on the religion of the country, he who allows himself to attack, publicly, this religion, which he is permitted not to believe, and even not to practice, is, necessarily, a bad citizen, who attacks the public order, and ought to be punished."

We can readily imagine, that, the philosophers of the eighteenth century, well known, at this time, to be incorrigible, since the revolution has not corrected them, will not subscribe to this principle, which shall be demonstrated, elsewhere, more at large. But I can affirm, before-hand, that it will be as impossible, for them, to answer, in good logic, to this demonstration, as to all the other irrefragable truths, which they have thought forever to overturn by their extravagant and criminal reveries.

"But when Fanaticism goes so far, as intolerance and oppression, so far as to subdue, by force, the opinions of others, so far as to violate conscience, then it is a tyranny, as odious as it is irrational, which all men ought to detest, and which all have a right, and an interest to repulse.

"Fanaticism is also used figuratively, by extension, (and this observation is only for the Grammarians) to signify all excess, in any sentiment, good and laudable in itself; for all excess, in passing the boundaries of good, changes it into evil. Thus, Charles the twelfth was seized with the Fanaticism of glory, in imagining there was nothing beautiful, in the world, but war. Horatius was a fanatic of patriotism, when he killed his sister, because she cursed a victory, which deprived her of her lover; and nothing short of the great service he had rendered to Rome, induced the people, compensating the crime by the benefit, after the magistrates had condemned him. These Romans were not revolutionaries: among us, Horatius would only have been called an energetic patriot; the murderer would have been borne in triumph, and, before him, the head of his sister, on the point of a pike. Among all the women, so patriotically massacred, there was not one, who had said half so much as the sister of Horatius."

La Harpe and Jefferson, you see, agree in one point, viz. that even Atheism, or Polytheism, confined to the bosom, are not so pernicious to society, as to make it necessary, to punish them. But La Harpe will not allow the Atheist or Polytheist to preach. Suppose an Atheist or Polytheist should endeavour to convert a man's wife or daughter to his own creed? or his servants? Would Mr. Jefferson think this harmless? especially if it were known to be for the express purpose of debauching them?

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REVIEW OF THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, F.R.S. AND A.S.S.

(CONTINUED.)

BOOK 3.

It has been remarked, by one of the commentators upon the Georgics, that Virgil has had the address of giving a distinct, and peculiar character of style, to each of its four books; that the genius of the poet rises, with the gradual ascension of his subject, from the inert clod of earth, in the first book, to the vegetation of plants, in the second; to animal life in the third, and to the social attributes of the bees, the emblems of industry, and of empire, in the fourth. Of this progressive splendour and dignity, as the proofs are to be collected from a *general* estimate of the whole poem, compared with the merits of each book, likewise considered as a whole, little evidence of it can be furnished, from select passages. Whether any of the English translators, previous to Mr. Sotheby, attempted to make this climax of excellence perceptible to their readers, it is not necessary to enquire. We are persuaded, at least, that *he* considered it as one of the most arduous difficulties, in the accomplishment of his task, nor have we any hesitation in expressing the opinion, that he has surmounted it. And although, for the reasons we have mentioned, the justice of the observation cannot be rendered obvious, from the partial extracts, to which the limits of a mere review must confine us, it will serve as a justification, if any justification be necessary, for making, from this and the following book, quotations, yet more numerous, than those we selected from their two predecessors.

The subject of the third book, is the breeding and treatment of cattle. But its prominent beauties are the sublime allegory of the introduction, containing the poet's almost presumptuous promise of his future triumph, over the Grecian muses, in the Æneid: the descriptions of the racer, and the war horse; of the chariot race, and of the effects of love upon the animal creation; the picture of a Scythian winter; and finally, that of the pestilence, which had spread its ravages over the brute creation, in the regions of the Alps. Some of these are too long to permit our extracting them entire, but we shall give enough of them to answer as specimens of the manner in which Mr. Sotheby's version indicates the varieties of Virgil's style.

1. From the introduction.

I too will boldly strive my flight to raise,
And wing'd by victory, catch the gale of praise.
I first, from Pindus' brow, if life remain,
Will lead the muses to the Latian plain,
For thee, my native Mantua! twine the wreath,
And bid the palm of Idumæa breathe.
Near the pure stream, amid the green champaign,
I first will rear on high the marble fane,
Where with slow bend broad Mincio's waters stray,
And tall reeds tremble o'er his shadowy way.
High in the midst, great Cæsar's form divine,
A present God, shall consecrate the shrine.
For him my robes shall flame with Tyrian dye,
Wing'd by four steeds, my hundred chariots fly.
All Greece shall scorn her fam'd Olympian field;
Here lash the courser, and the cæstus wield.
I, I myself, will round my temples twine,
The olive wreath, and deck with gifts the shrine, &c.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Meanwhile, Mæcenas! by thy genius fir'd,
I dare the arduous task by thee inspir'd;
Through woods and lawns untrodden urge my way,
While murmuring Dryads chide the long delay.
Oh come! Cithæron shouts her mountains o'er,
Rous'd by Taygetian hounds, deep echoes roar,
The neighing steeds, o'er Epidaurus bound,
Rock rings to rock, and woods to woods resound.
Erelong, my voice, attun'd to loftier lays,
Shall swell th' adventurous song to Cæsar's praise,
His glowing battles consecrate to fame,
And spread from age to age the Julian name.

2. The race horse.

Choose with like care the courser's generous breed,
And from his birth prepare the parent steed.
As yet a colt, he stalks with lofty pace,
And balances his limbs with flexile grace:
First leads the way, the threat'ning torrent braves,
And dares the unknown arch that spans the waves.
Light on his airy crest his slender head,
His belly short, his loins luxriant spread:
Muscle on muscle knots his brawny breast,
No fears alarm him, nor vain shouts molest.
But at the clash of arms, his ear afar
Drinks the deep sound, and vibrates to the war:
Flames from each nostril roll in gathered stream,
His quivering limbs with restless motion gleam,
O'er his right shoulder, floating full and fair,
Sweeps his thick mane, and spreads its pomp of hair.
Swift works his double spine, and earth around,
Rings to his solid hoof that wears the ground.

3. Let us pass to the description of the chariot race. Here Virgil first undertakes to stand a competition with Homer, and accordingly puts

forth all his strength. We shall not find Mr. Sotheby lagging behind.

Swift at the signal, lo! the chariots bound,
And bursting through the barriers, seize the ground.
Now with high hope erect the drivers dart,
Now fear exhausts their palpitating heart.
Prone o'er loose reins, they lash th' extended steed,
And the wing'd axle flames beneath their speed.
Now, low they vanish from the aching eye,
Now soar in air, and seem to gain the sky.
Where'er they rush along the hidden ground,
Dust in thick whirlwinds darkens all around.
Each presses each: in clouds from all behind,
Horse, horsemen, chariots thundering in the wind,
Breath, flakes of foam, and sweat from every pore,
Smoke in the gale, and stream the victor o'er.
Thus glorious thirst of praise their spirit fires,
And shouting victory boundless strength inspires.

4. From the directions for breeding the war-horse, or the racer.

But if Bellona claim impetuous steeds,
And press to victory where the battle bleeds,
Or Fame, where Alpheus laves the field of Jove,
Urge the wing'd car amid th' Olympian grove;
Flash on his infant eye the blazing shield,
Pour on his ear the thunder of the field,
Sound the shrill trumpet, roll the iron car,
And rattle o'er his stall the reins of war;
Teach him to love thy praise, and proudly stand,
And arch his crest beneath thy flattering hand.
Wean'd from his dam, yet weak in youthful year,
Thus train'd to martial sounds the courser rear;
Sooth with soft reins, nor dare his lip to wound,
Till summer rolls her fourth revolving round.
Then wheel in graceful orbs his pac'd career,
Let step by step in cadence strike the ear,
His flexile limbs in curves alternate prance,
And seem to labour as they slow advance:
Then give, uncheck'd, to fly with loosen'd rein,
Challenge the winds, and wing the unprinted plain.
Thus Boreas, rushing fierce from Scythia's coast,
Bears on his wings dark winter's gather'd host:
The undulating fields and billowy grain
Float in the breeze that bristles all the plain;
The high woods roar, long surges swell the deep,
While his fleet wings at once the earth and ocean sweep.

5. Perhaps no poet, of ancient or modern times, ever painted the passion of love, and its operations upon all animated beings, with so much fire and energy as Virgil. The fourth Æneid, which contains the history of the irresistable impulse, in all its varieties, upon the heart of women, has been always considered as the master piece of this mighty poet. In this Georgic, he describes its effects upon the animal creation in general. The animosities and rivalties, occasioned by it, are exemplified, in the deadly contention of two bullocks; and its overbearing influence upon man, by an happy allusion to the story of Hero and Leander.

What dares not ardent youth, when love inspires,
Boils in his blood, and pours unsated fires?
Lonely at midnight, when the tempest raves,
Fearless he flings his bosom to the waves:
Above, dire thunder rolls, seas boil below,
Round his pale head portentous lightnings glow;
Nor Heaven, nor seas, nor roaring winds appal,
Nor billows, breaking on the rocks recall,
Nor his deserted parents' boding cry,
Nor on his corse the virgin doom'd to die.

The following instructions, to shepherds and goatherds where to drive their flocks in the spring, at the different hours of the day, though not included among the most conspicuous passages of the Latin Georgics, will be read with delight, by every one susceptible of pleasure, from melodious versification, and pastoral painting.

When spring invites, and zephyr fans the mead,
Alike both flocks to glades and pastures lead,
While the bright star, fair harbinger of day,
Gems the gray rime, that silvers o'er their way.
Fresh the fair prime, and sweet at vernal dawn,
To sip the dew-drops that impearl the lawn.
But when the sun's bright beams fierce radiance fling,
And the loud woods with shrill cicadas ring,
Haste, to deep wells and spreading waters guide,
Or oaken troughs by living rills supplied.
When noon-tide flames, down cool sequester'd glades,
Lead, where some giant oak the dell o'ershades,
Or where the gloom of many an ilex throws
The sacred darkness that invites repose.
When sinks the sun beneath the purple main,
Rills and refreshing meads delight again;
Then Vesper stilly breathes the temperate gale,
Cool dewy moon beams gleam along the vale,
Responsive shores the halcyon's note prolong,
And woodland echoes swell the linnet's song.

An instance was adduced, in a former book, of the art, with which Virgil introduces a contrast of imagery, by approximating to each other, the description of objects, altogether opposite in their nature. An example, equally striking, of this poetical skill, is observable in this part of the work. Immediately after, the lines just quoted, succeeds the account of the Lybian desarts and of the Scythian winter.

6 But where Mæotis Scythia's waste divides,
And turbid Ister rolls his yellow tides,
And Rhodope, o'er many a realm outspread,
Turns to the pole, and bends her craggy bed;
There stalls enclose the herds that never stray,
No grass the field, no leaves the wood array,
But earth lies hid, by ridgy drifts opprest,
And snow, seven ells in height, deforms her breast.
There blasts that freeze, and winter, ever dwell;
Mist and eternal fog the sun repel;
Whether his fiery steeds high Heaven ascend,
Or westering to the wave, his chariot bend.
Prone floods suspended in mid course congeal,
Fix'd ocean rattles to the iron wheel,
Where tossing vessels cross'd the billowy main,
O'er the smooth ice swift glides the loaded wain;
Brass snaps in sunder, and the infolding vest,
Hardens like mail, and stiffens on the breast.
There crystal chains at once whole pools confine,
And hatchets cleave the congelated wine;
Breath, palpable to touch, at once descends,
And rigid ice from matted beards depends.
Meanwhile, o'er all the air, snows press on snows,
And the large limbs of stateliest bulls enclose;
Numb'd with new weight, and prest in droves the deer,
Scarce o'er the mass their topmost antlers rear;
Nor toils their flight impede, nor hounds o'ertake,
Nor plumes of purple dye their fears awake;
But while in vain, beneath the load opprest,
They heave the mount that gathers on their breast,
Them, front to front, at will the murderers slay,
Shout to their groan, and bear the spoil away.

To enliven the cheerless scene, which, a reader of poetical taste, cannot peruse without finding his teeth fall to chattering; look into the habitations of the men, dwelling in these dreary regions.

There, while delv'd caves their shelter'd limbs enclose,
The hordes in careless indolence repose,
O'er fires undying, oaks gigantic raise,
And scorn the distant sun's forgotten blaze,
Mock with harsh fruit the grape's nectareous bowls,
While half the year one long carousal rolls,
Beneath the polar sky's keen fury cast,
Cut by the snow, and rude Rhipæan blast,
Shagg'd with the yellow skins that crown'd their chase,
Thus live the wild barbarians' lawless race.

7. The narrative of the pestilence among the cattle, is one of the most high-wrought passages of the poem; but it is extended through no inconsiderable part of the book, and it obtrudes upon the mind so many images of horror, that we shall willingly limit our quotation, to those lines which introduce the beautiful and poetical incident of the steer, bereft of his yoke-fellow, by the disease.

At once the bullock falls beneath the yoke,
Blood and mixt foam beneath his nostrils smoke:
He groans his last:—*the melancholy swain*
Leaves the fix'd plough amid th' unfurrow'd plain,
And frees the lonely steer, whose mournful eye
Beholds with fond regret a brother die.
Him nor repose can sooth in forest shades,
Nor dewy pasture, 'mid luxuriant glades,
Nor streams that, roll'd o'er rocks, through grassy plains
More pure than amber, wind their crystal trains.
His glaz'd eye droops, each flaccid flank extends,
And prone to earth his ponderous neck descends.
Ah! what avails his unremitted toil,
And patient strength, that tam'd the unwilling soil?
Yet his pure lip from feasts of blood refrain'd,
Yet no crush'd grape his draught with poison stain'd;
The leaf, the herb, the grass, his simple food,
His drink the lucid fount and living flood:
No care corroded, nor disturbing woes
Broke the deep stillness of his calm repose.

Here we shall close our extracts, from the third book; proposing, in another number, to complete this review, by a selection from the fourth.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF SHAKSPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

We shall now sketch a brief delineation of some of the principal characters of this comedy.

The character of Jacques is natural, and well-preserved. In youth he had been a libertine—without enfeebling his frame, or destroying his mental powers, he had obeyed the impulses of passion, and mingled in the circles of dissipation. The information he had acquired was the knowledge of human nature, purchased, indeed, at a high price, but valuable, and rarely gained upon easier terms. A complete knowledge of the human heart cannot be obtained by other means. He, who attempts it, will succeed no better than a spectator, in comprehending the game of chess. The philosopher, who studies it in his closet, observes the outline of the piece, and fancies he can fill it up. When he goes into the world, and takes up the pencil of observation, he wonders at his own ignorance, and regrets his useless toil. He mistakes the honest language of the independent mind, for malevolence, and becomes a dupe to the smooth-tongued civility, that smiles on the brow of the hollow-hearted villain. The reason is obvious. Each man has the same features in his face; the nose, the eye, the eyebrow, and the lips. But there is an expression of countenance, independent of features, which is the offspring of the mind, and which renders two persons, possessing features very similar, as easily distinguishable, as the cedar from the oak. So, in youth, the mind contains certain principles of conduct, which, at that early age, usually produce the same actions. But as reason and reflection grow, and as passion, with all its changes and degrees, begins to operate upon the mind, it marks those shades of difference, and produces that pleasing and ceaseless variety of conduct, which the most heedless observer may note among his associates; which expose the fallacy of closet rules, and which render so difficult, while it adds a zest to the study of the human heart. Jacques had not studied it in his closet; he had gained it, by associating with his kind. The mind, that thus acquires this knowledge, if mellowed by great sensibility, and oppressed by the untoward occurrences of life, must, inevitably, imbibe a contemplative turn, and be tinctured with melancholy; for it will discover, that love and friend hip, the sweetest gifts of God, to man, are almost ever sacrificed at the altar of individual interest. This view of human nature, or the slighter disappointments of man, will render such a person only thoughtful and melancholy. Such is Jacques. But this will not produce misanthropy. The keenest ingratitude; a series of the bitterest ills of life; the total wreck of air-built castles, or the death of hope, alone can form the misanthrope.

But this is not the character of Jacques. He does not fly the face of man; he does not hurl at the world, the shaft of general and indiscriminate reproach; curses do not rise from his heart, nor are they uttered by his lips; he does not wish to destroy, but to reform; he is severe, but it is not the severity of the cynic; it is that of the surgeon, who amputates to save; of the gardener, who prunes to preserve. He is silent, but not sullen; sad, but not despondent. He seeks solitude, but does not fly his kind; he is independent, but not proud; he has viewed the vices of man, but he has also seen his virtues, and does not forget them; he notes his actions, not in search of blemishes, but to increase his own stock of knowledge; he has trusted to the world once, but is not disposed to trust to it again; good sense, strong passions, excessive sensibility, and the keenest disappointments, have made him "love melancholy better than laughing;" but it is not the "scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of his own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of his travels, in which his often rumination, wraps him in a most humourous sadness."

He is, indeed, the author of his own misfortunes, for, in youth, he had been wild and licentious; but he has ceased to offend, and enmity is not excited towards him; he has deserted his follies, and he is not censured; he is benevolent, and is esteemed; he is in sorrow, and is pitied; he is moral, and is praised; he is wise, and he interests. His maxims are neither the dreams of the theorist, nor the speculations of the philosopher; they are those which produce the actions of every man, in every situation, and in every age. He, who reads them, assents to their justness; he who studies them is instructed; and he, who pursues them, is wise. Jacques is a natural character. There are many such in life, and, in perusing this piece, and pondering on Jacques, we have, sometimes, fancied that Shakspeare sat for the portrait. The colouring is high, and it must be so, to interest and to please, but the materials were the same. If Shakspeare had been a courtier in his youth, in his old age he had been a Jacques.

At the conclusion of the comedy, Jacques remains behind, in the forest of Arden, unreconciled to society. He has, however, filled with a gloomy sensibility, the place allotted to him, in the play, and, to the last, preserves that respect, which is due to him, as a consistent character, and an amiable, though solitary moralist.

(To be continued.)

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[The following extract of a letter, and copy of verses, have been handed about (with what truth I will not pretend to determine,) as coming from the pen of the "elegant Duane." As you may not have met with a specimen of that gentleman's poetical powers, for I believe his muse is not much hackneyed, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of sending you the manuscript.

I am yours, &c.

PROTEUS.]

——— You have often expressed your wonder, that I sacrifice, so seldom, to the muses. To convince you that, when I can get leisure from the multiplicity of my avocations, I do, at times, bend before their shrine, I copy a poetical trifle of mine for you. It was suggested by a conversation I had some time ago with our patriotic friend, Gallatin, in which we both were very witty. In the evening, after the P——t had left me, and I had devoted half an hour to writing a speech for Randolph, I felt a poetical itch, and indulging it, scribbled the following *jeu d'esprit*. I shewed it to Gallatin the next morning, when he came to breakfast with me, who exclaimed, before Dr. Logan and several of the members, that had just called on me in their way to the house—"Ha! bien, monsieur Duane! I find dat you ave one grand talent pour la poësie. You ave be a leetle too mush figuré—'tis not exactement de conversation, mais ver neer."

You will excuse any want of metrical merit, as you know poetry is not my fort; for I can't boast, like our friend Paine, of having much genius that way.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MYSELF AND MY FRIEND GALLATIN.

What a country this is for a rogue,
  Gallatin!
What a country this is for a rogue!
  "Oh! oui, very true,
  Mais dat's *entre nous*,
For many of you, vid the brogue
  Here are seen."

But why all this noise 'bout the stock,
  Gallatin?
But why all this noise 'bout the stock!
  "Vy?—seulment one trick,
  'Cause I'm tres politique,
And I ave de clef of de lock;
  Dat's de sin."

Yet you when you came were in rags,
  Gallatin?
Yet you, when you came, were in rags!
  "Oui; mais, changed mine air,
  Now un grand Secrataire;
And who ven he handle de bags
  Can be clean?"

Then say, have you feather'd your nest,
  Gallatin?
Then say, have you feather'd your nest?
  "Parbleu! den, I say,
  In de sun make de hay;
Le diable may ave all the rest,
  I shall vin."

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SURRY ASSIZES.

BEFORE SIR ARCHIBALD MACDONALD, KNT.

CHARNAM v. RANDALL.

The plaintiff, Mrs. Charnam, was the *chereamie* of a Mr. Stone, a farmer, who, not contented with a wife and seven children, had raised his maid servant to the rank of his concubine, and by her had had a numerous spurious offspring: the real wife was neglected, and all the attentions of farmer Stone were thrown away upon the amiable Betty Charnam, as she was described by one of the witnesses. The gallant cultivator, in order to find employment for Betty in the day time, had set her up in business in a shop, in which she sold corn, flour, and every article of farinacious nutriment. Betty, however, was only the nominal proprietor of this depot of grain, for she accounted with Mr. Stone for the profits, and gave credit only to such customers as he approved of. It happened during the great scarcity, about three years ago, the parish in which Stone resided came to a resolution, that every person renting a dwelling house or houses of 20l. per annum, should take a poor person's child, and keep it for a year, feed it, instruct it, and, at the expiration of that period, send it back to its parents. The parish officers allotted a child to the care of Mr. Stone, as the tenant of two houses, one occupied by himself and his legitimate family, and the other virtually in his possession by the residence of his lady Betty. Upon this occasion, and to relieve himself from the burden imposed upon him, he appealed, and contended that he was not the occupier of Mrs. Charnam's house: however, he was compelled to keep the child. After this, he continued to give the parish officers and tax-gatherers a considerable deal of trouble, by insisting he was not liable personally to the poor's rates and taxes, but that they must look to the plaintiff for them. This determined the parish officers to take the first opportunity of trying the question with him, and accordingly one very soon presented itself. The defendant, Randal, had contracted a small debt at the shop, and as he was not ready to pay it when called upon, Betty denounced the vengeance of the law. The parish officers hearing of this, promised to support him in defending any action that might be brought against him. The present suit was commenced at the instance, and in the name of Charnam, and the sole question was, whether she or Mr. Stone was the actual owner of the shop and trade?

Several witnesses were examined, and proved that farmer Stone was more frequently to be found at the house where Betty resided, than in that, which was inhabited by his wife. He continually slept there, appeared to have the management of the trade, and, in short, there was not a thing Betty had to which he had not access, and over which he did not enjoy unlimited controul. Whenever a customer applied to purchase meal or flour, she always went to Mr. Stone to ask whether she should trust him. It was evident that the proprietorship of Betty Charnam was a pretence....a mere meal tub plot to delude the parish officers.

The case being so extremely clear, the jury without hesitation found a verdict for the defendant.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS, No. II.

UPON MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. Samuel Smith, a member of congress, from the state of Maryland, with that peculiar tone of exultation, which success inspires, into minds of a certain cast, lately boasted, that he and his party had taken *great pains* to divest the federalists of power. As this assertion must be new, to the people of the United States, and, to many, may be thought incredible, we feel concerned for the honourable member's *credit*, in respect to veracity. We assure our readers, therefore, that Mr. Samuel Smith then spoke the truth; and refer them to the files of Callender's Recorder, for corroborative proof, and explanatory details of the fact.

We observe, for the benefit of those, who may read our lucubrations, at a future day, that, Mr. Samuel Smith, is not the same person with one Samuel Harrison Smith, whom Callender and others have, by mistake, called Miss Smith. The sex of Samuel Smith, otherwise called General Smith, has not, to our knowledge, ever been a subject of doubt.

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His Excellency John Francis Mercer, complains, that his council have outrageously violated all decorum, and behaved in a manner, personally disrespectful to him. The council answer, *protestando*, that nothing could be further from their minds, than disrespect to his Excellency. But, that a question of *right*, had arisen between them; the discussion of which, proving too tough a job for a forenoon's work, they had agreed to adjourn TO FIVE O'CLOCK, P. M. At which time, they met accordingly, and waited for his Excellency, until all reasonable expectation of his coming was *exhausted*. It has been asked, why the council were so particular in noting down the hour of adjournment? Whether

they intended it as an apology for his Excellency's tardiness, or for their own impatience? This question, we are unable to answer; but, we think, that *five o'clock*, P. M. is a critical time of day, to more chief magistrates, in this union, than one.

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THE STRONGEST GOVERNMENT IN THE WORLD.

In a certain piece of rattlesnake fascination, called the inaugural speech, the people of the United States, were assured, that their government was *the strongest in the world*. A petty fiscal officer, of an European power, of the sixth or seventh order, by three lines upon paper, without money, and without troops, choaks up one of the main arteries of our political body. The strongest government in the world calls it *the irregular procedure of a foreign officer*. A Spanish Intendant, coolly fastens a halter round the neck of the American union, and draws the noose. The head of the union, considers it as an object of such trivial moment, as not even to mention it, in his communication to the legislature, at the opening of a session. *The strongest government in the world*, sees a blow struck at the vitals of the nation, over which it presides, without lifting a hand, or moving a foot in its defence. The point of a sword, aimed at the heart of America, already pricks her breast, and the strongest government in the world, sends four thousand miles to negociate the sword away. The government of the first consul, Bonaparte, is not the strongest in the world; but, tell us, sage philosopher! what think you the first consul would do, if a Spanish intendant should treat France, as the man at New-Orleans treats the United States? What think you he ought to do? What think you he would receive the plaudits of the whole civilized world, for doing? Why, just what the strongest government in the world has *not* done....Where the rights were so *clear*, the *hostility*, so *aggravated*, the *object* so urgent, the *stake*, national life or death, he would not wait, even for time to send from Paris to Madrid. He would take care, first, that the republic receive no detriment....He would make sure of the possession; and then, if his generosity should prevail, over his just resentment, if he should forbear to wipe the Spanish monarchy from the face of the earth, he might consent to negociate. Brave and injured citizens of Kentucky! if your dearest rights are invaded with impunity, by the most nerveless of arms; if your existence itself is suspended upon the cobweb thread of endless negociation, impute it not to national weakness, but to pusillanimous councils. Your president, himself, has told you, that you have *the strongest government in the world*.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following judicious, and well meditated observations, upon the cession of Louisiana to France, first appeared in the New-York Evening Post. We present them entire to our readers in the Port Folio, believing the policy, which Pericles recommends, to the adoption of our rulers, to be that which best comports with the honour, and the interest of the United States. Without being more sanguine, in our expectations, than the writer, that "any change, in the conduct of administration, will be produced" by his reflections, we are equally encouraged, with him, to believe, that "a strong current of public feeling, is in favour of decisive measures." As for negociation, without the "auxiliary measures" of raising a military and maritime force, to give an imposing tone to the President's envoy, we have no hesitation in declaring our belief, that nothing but *delay*, to us, almost synonimous with ruin and disgrace, can possibly result from it. When it is too late, these consequences, which are so feelingly deprecated by the Federalists, will be perceived by the people, whose interest is most immediately affected by the conduct of Spain. Then they will find, that this question must, ultimately, be decided by cannon, and their rifles, instead of the feeble pen of a slovenly and indiscreet negociator.

LOUISIANA.

From the New-York Evening Post.

Since the question of Independence, none has occurred more deeply interesting to the United States, than the cession of Louisiana to France. The event threatens the early dismemberment of a large portion of our country; more immediately, the safety of all the southern states; and remotely, the independence of the whole union. This is the portentous aspect, which the affair presents to all men, of sound and reflecting minds, of whatever party, and, it is not to be concealed, that the only question, which now offers itself, is, how is the evil to be averted?

The strict right to resort, at once, to war, if it should be deemed expedient, cannot be doubted. A *manifest and great danger* to the nation; the nature of the cession to France, extending to ancient limits, without respect to our rights by treaty; the direct infraction of an important article of the treaty itself, in with-holding the deposit of New-Orleans; either of these affords justifiable cause of war, and that they would authorise immediate hostilities, is not to be questioned by the most scrupulous mind.

The whole is then a question of expediency. Two courses only present. First, to negociate and endeavour to purchase, and if this fails, to go to war. Secondly, to seize, at once, on the Floridas and New-Orleans, and then negociate.

A strong objection offers itself to the first. There is not the most remote probability, that the ambitious and aggrandizing views of Bonaparte will commute the territory for money. Its acquisition is of immense importance to France, and has long been an object of her extreme solicitude. The attempt, therefore, to purchase, in the first instance, will certainly fail, and, in the end, war must be resorted to, under all the accumulation of difficulties, caused by a previous and strongly fortified possession of the country by our adversary.

The second plan is, therefore, evidently the best. First, because effectual; the acquisition easy; the preservation, afterwards, easy. The evils of a war, with France, at this time, are certainly not very formidable: Her fleet crippled and powerless, her treasury empty, her resources almost dried up, in short, gasping for breath, after a tremendous conflict, which, though it left her victorious, left her nearly exhausted, after her extraordinary exertions. On the other hand, we might count, with certainty, on the aid of Great Britain, with her powerful navy.

Secondly, this plan is preferable, because it affords us the only chance of avoiding a long-continued war. When we have once taken possession, the business will present itself, to France, in a new aspect. She will then have to weigh the immense difficulties, if not the utter impracticability of wresting it from us. In this posture of affairs, she will naturally conclude it is her interest to bargain. Now it may become expedient to terminate hostilities by a purchase, and a cheaper one may reasonably be expected.

To secure the better prospect of final success, the following auxiliary measures ought to be adopted.

The army should be increased to ten thousand men, for the purpose of insuring the preservation of the conquest. Preparations for increasing our naval force should be made. The militia should be classed, and effectual provision made for raising, on an emergency, 40,000 men. Negociations should be pushed with Great Britain, to induce her to hold herself in readiness, to co-operate fully with us, at a moment's warning.

This plan should be adopted and proclaimed, before the departure of our envoy.

Such measures would astonish and disconcert Bonaparte himself; our envoy would be enabled to speak and treat with effect; and all Europe would be taught to respect us.

These ideas have been long entertained by the writer, but he has never given himself the trouble to commit them to the public, because he despaired of their being adopted. They are now thrown out, with very little hope of their producing any change in the conduct of administration, yet, with the encouragement, that there is a strong current of public feeling in favour of decisive measures.

If the President would adopt this course, he might yet retrieve his character; induce the best part of the community to look favourably on his political career, exalt himself in the eyes of Europe, save the country, and, secure a permanent fame. But, for this, alas! *Jefferson* is not destined.

PERICLES.

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"Governeur Morris, it seems, has set up his opinion, in opposition to thousands of his fellow citizens, equally adequate to determine the propriety of having an amendment to the constitution, relative to the election of president and vice-president. This was to be expected; he agrees perhaps with Dayton, that the constitution itself ought to be burned, but as this is not likely to be accomplished, he wishes as many doors to intrigue to be left open, as possible, at some of which he may one day *hop* in himself."

[*Aurora, 5th Feb.*

The opinion of Mr. Morris, to which the above paragraph refers, is contained in a letter from that gentleman, to the speaker of the house of assembly of the state of New-York, assigning his reasons for having given his vote in the senate

of the United States, in *opposition* to certain resolutions, which had passed in the legislature of New-York, and had been transmitted to Mr. Morris, to be laid before the senate; the purport of which was, "that in all future elections of president and vice-president, the persons voted for, should be particularly designated, by declaring which is voted for as president, and which as vice-president."

As this letter relates to a constitutional question, of some importance, at the same time, that it records the motives and principles of the writer, in explanation of his conduct, as an independent senator of the United States, we shall present it, entire, to the public. It is time, that such false and stale notions, as that, representatives and senators of the United States, are *servants* of the public, according to the degrading interpretation of the term, which democrats would give to it, should be hooted out of countenance. A representative of the people, is, or ought to be, a moral agent, and, as such, accountable to himself, and his Maker, not to his constituents, for his public actions, in so much, that, the very idea of binding him to act, or vote in a particular way, by *instructions*, is an absurdity, to which, no man of honest feelings, would ever subscribe. We go further, and assert, that if the sentiments of a representative, be not in unison with the opinions of his constituents, upon a question, on which they may have *assumed* the right of instructing him, he is conscienciously bound to *depart* from his instructions. In the light of recommendations, they will be viewed by him with respect, but he will not obey them as *mandates*.

Since the celebrated speech of Edmund Burke, delivered on the hustings, at the close of the poll, when he was chosen as a member for the city of Bristol, in parliament, the doctrine of *authoritative* instructions, has been completely exploded in England. For the sake of preserving, in the Port Folio, this dignified, nervous, and impressive harrangue, so far as it relates to this subject, we present our readers with the following extract from it, which, we hope, will contribute to fix the public mind, in this country, upon a principle, on which the people of this country have been long in the habit of thinking and speaking, with equal laxity and levity.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Burke," I cannot conclude, without saying a word on a topic, touched upon by my worthy colleague. But, since he has thought proper to throw it out, I owe you a clear explanation of my poor sentiments on that subject.

"He tells you that, "the topic of instructions has occasioned much altercation in this city," and he expresses himself, if I understand him rightly, in favour of the coercive authority of such instructions.

"Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative, to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him: their opinion, high respect; their business, unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you; to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which, he is deeply answerable. Your representative, owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment, and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

"My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will, upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which, one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion, are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments?

"To deliver an opinion, is the right of all men; that of constituents, is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear; and which, he ought always most seriously to consider. But, *authoritative* instructions; *mandates*, issued, which the member is bound, blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience; these are things, utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and *which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenour of our constitution.*"

Letter from the honourable Gouverneur Morris, a senator from the state of New-York, in the senate of the United States, to the speaker of the house of assembly, of that state, in session at Albany.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 25, 1802.

SIR,

On the 24th of February last, I communicated to the Senate of the United States, the resolutions which you did me the honour to transmit. On the 3d of May, a resolution was brought up from the House of Representatives, embracing the latter part of that, which the state of New-York had proposed, viz. That in all future Elections of President and Vice-President, the persons voted for should be particularly designated, by declaring which is voted for, as President, and which, as Vice-President. On the question my vote was in the negative, and had it been otherwise, the resolution would have passed.

Having thus stated the facts, it may not be improper to trouble you with some of the reasons, which governed my decision.

First—I am opposed to amendments on the general ground, that changing the articles of a constitutional compact, lessens that respect for it, which is a main support of free governments.

Secondly—I am opposed, because it is, generally speaking, better to bear an evil, which we know, than hazard those, which we are unacquainted with.

Thirdly—I am opposed, because the present mode seems preferable to that which is proposed.

When this article was under consideration, in the National Convention, it was observed that every mode of electing the chief Magistrate of a powerful nation, hitherto adopted, is liable to objection. The instances, where violence has been used, and murders committed, are numerous. Those, in which artifice and fraud have succeeded against the general wish and will, are innumerable. And hence it was inferred, that the mode, least favourable to intrigue and corruption, that in which the unbiassed voice of the people will be most attended to, and that which is least likely to terminate in violence and usurpation ought to be adopted. To impress a conviction on this subject, the case of Poland was (not unaptly) cited. Great and ambitious princes took part in the election of a Polish king; money, threats and force were employed. Violence, bloodshed and oppression ensued. And now that country is parcelled out among the neighbouring potentates—one of whom was but a petty prince two centuries ago.

The evils, which have been felt in the present mode of election were pointed out to the Convention, but after due advisement, the other mode appeared more exceptionable. Indeed, if the present be changed, it might be better to abolish the office of Vice-President, and leave to legislative provision, the case of vacancy in the seat of the First Magistrate.

The Convention was aware that every species of trick and contrivance would be practised by the ambitious and unprincipled. It was therefore conceived, that if, in elections, the President and Vice-President were distinctly designated, there would generally be a vote given for one of two rival Presidents, while there would be numerous candidates for the other office; because he who wished to become President would naturally connect himself with some popular man of each particular district for the sake of his local influence, so that the Vice-Presidency would be as a mere bait to catch state gudgeons. The person chosen would have only a partial vote, be perhaps unknown to the greater part of the community, and probably unfit for those duties which the death of a President might call on him to perform.

The convention not only foresaw that a scene might take place, similar to that of the last Presidential Election, but even supposed it not impossible, that, at some time or other, a person admirably fitted for the office of President, might have an equal vote with one totally unqualified, and that, by the predominance of faction in the House of Representatives, the latter might be preferred. This, which is the greatest supposable evil of the present mode, was calmly examined, and it appeared that however prejudicial it might be for the moment, an useful lesson would result from it for the future, to teach contending parties the importance of giving both votes to men, fit for the first office. This, Sir, is one great object contemplated by the Constitution, whether it would be obtained by altering the mode of election deserves a serious attention. The other great object is to defeat the fraud, the force, and the corruption, which may be used to place bad men in high authority. After the most mature reflection of which my mind is capable, I am persuaded that the present mode is preferable to that, which is proposed in lieu of it, and my voice has been given according to my conviction.

I have the honour to be,
With perfect respect, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
GOUV. MORRIS.

The Hon. the Speaker of the House of Assembly of the State of New-York--Albany.

Another auxiliary of the Old-school, has announced his proposals, for printing, in the town of Natchez, a newspaper, under the title of the Constitutional Conservator. We have received some numbers of the Conservator, and from a cursory glance of their contents, we venture to presage future usefulness from the labours of Mr. John Wade, in that quarter of our country. The Editor, makes no professions of impartiality, in his prospectus, nor does he consent to relinquish the right of discussing and editing *his own paper*. We are glad to find this style of annunciation, becoming more familiar than formerly, among Editors of public journals. It is not long since they were considered as the *mere tools* of some overbearing and predominant interest, which arrogated to itself the right of dictating the contents, and moulding the columns of every ga-

zette in the country. A man of spirit, though a disbanded soldier, like Mr. Wade, will submit to no such disgraceful shackles upon the exercise of his faculties, and we cordially join in his reasonable wishes, that he may receive "such support as will enable him to live in his present occupation, since that of arms, in the service of his country, is at an end."

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PERSPICUITY.

While perusing the gazettes of the day, we have frequent occasion to observe an extreme inattention, to this indispensable requisite of a good style. Under the Boston head, (Feb. 2.) in an account of the proceedings at a town meeting, for the purpose of applying to the legislature, for a law to prevent the erection of wooden buildings, we find the following blind and ludicrous paragraph. "The number assembled made an adjournment from Faneuil Hall to *the old south meeting house necessary*, where, after, &c.

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In the house of representatives of the United States, on the 7th February, Mr. Smilie, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial, from the aliens residing in Chester county, *entreating*, in the true Irish style, that is, *peremptorily demanding*, a repeal of the five year's residence law, which, for the present, they are willing should be reduced to two years, as the extent of residence, to entitle an alien to become a *native*.

There are some passages, in this *memorial*, (as it is termed; we should rather style it a *remonstrance*) which, in point of insolence and effrontery, have rarely been surpassed; and it is some consolation to find, that the representatives of the nation yet retain sufficient self respect, and regard for their own countrymen, to frown upon these saucy and meddling foreigners, who, not content with indulgences already accorded to their former petitions, are now striving to prostrate every barrier of distinction between the *meanest* and the "*poorest* emigrant that arrives here," and the native citizen.

It was not necessary, that these aliens should "most *respectfully presume* to suggest to the wisdom and justice of congress, that the *poorest* emigrant, that arrives here, has a property in his life, in his liberty, and his labour, and is as liable to the laws as the *richest* citizen." "The wisdom and justice of congress," it is to be presumed, was quite competent to discover these facts, without assistance from these alien mentors; nor is there any disposition in the *richest* of our citizens to oppress *poor Teague*, or *Patrick*, or any other race of emigrants, whether Scotch, Irish, English, German, or French. Let them enjoy their lives, liberties, and the fruits of their labour, which are secured to them by the laws; but let them first learn to submit to, acquiesce in, and pay due obedience to *the laws*. This is the condition of their admission and residence, among us; but at what period of our history, since these swarms of foreigners hovered about us, have these conditions been complied with?

We most cordially concur, in the sentiment expressed by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, during the debate in congress, on the question of referring the alien remonstrance to a select committee; viz. That, "if we should make a law, that these aliens should become citizens, the next day after their arrival, they would then petition for something else." They have already sought to be admitted to the privileges of native citizens, under the law, which secures a property in works of invention, &c. by patent.

In the same proportion, that we concur with Mr. Davis, on this question, do we differ from Mr. Smilie, who remarked, that "he apprehended no danger to the government, from the admission of aliens to the rights of citizenship." We are utterly unable to comprehend what he means, by *sound* politics, when he says, that although "there are a greater number of aliens in the state of Pennsylvania, than in any other state, yet he thought *the politics* of that state to be perfectly sound." The member probably meant *sound* without *sense*.

—

An author of the most splendid imagination, remarks, with equal acutenes and vivacity, that "Taste is commonly supposed to be a faculty so delicate and aërial, that it is too *volatile to endure the chains of a definition*."

—

To attempt to make laws for the regulation of Democracy, would, to use the illustration of an elegant author, be as useless and absurd an undertaking, as to lay down rules for caprice, and to set up for legislators of whims and fancies.

—

Mr. Burke, after remarking that change of surface, continual and yet hardly perceptible, forms one of the great constituents of beauty, directs the curious gazer to observe that part of a beautiful woman, where she is, perhaps, the most beautiful, about the neck and breast; the smoothness, the softness; the easy and insensible swell, the variety of the surface, which is never for the smallest space the same; the delightful maze through which the unsteady eye slides giddily, without knowing where to fix, or whither it is carried.—Perhaps the above is the finest description that occurs in any metaphysical treatise.

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A POSITIVE FACT.—In one of the apartments of Buonaparte, in the Thuilleries, over the chimney-piece, hangs the portrait of Louis the XVIth.

—

The word *impartial* will admit of being applied in a variety of cases; but one of the most curious applications of it occurs in a Connecticut paper, in which a man advertises an "*impartial* account of a hail storm!"

—

A German paper states, that they inoculate with the cow-pox on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, and that this practice is common at Bagdat and Bassora.

—

Friday night, Dr. Arnold departed this life, at his house, in Duke-street, after a long and painful illness. Of this event the public cannot be informed without feeling a considerable degree of regret. Few have contributed so largely to their amusement; and we know of no English composer, who has composed so much and so well. *The Maid of the Mill; the Agreeable Surprise; Inkle and Yarico; the Surrender of Calais; the Shipwreck;* and *Peeping Tom*, will continue to delight as long as true harmony continues to charm. [*London paper.*

—

From the London Morning Post, we echo the following accents of regret, for the political demise of a great statesman.

"Mr. King, the American minister here, we understand, has resigned that office, and will return to America next spring. It is not yet known who will be his successor. Mr. King's departure will be regretted in this country, where his talents and good sense have greatly contributed to maintain that good understanding between England and America which must ever be so beneficial to both."

THE OLLA, No. I.

Under this title, which signifies a medley of pleasant ingredients, not without savoury seasoning, we shall regularly copy, from the various London papers, we receive, all the paragraphs, puns, and witticisms, we can find, to constitute a fund of drollery, for the amusement of the reader. As the Port Folio now exhibits so many grave, didactic, and political essays, it is necessary, lest the sons of Comus be driven from our subscription book, that topics of merriment be sometimes suggested, and that we should gaily call to

> Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
> And Laughter, holding both his sides.

Mr. Cherry, of Drury-Lane Theatre, whose Christian name is Andrew, is called, by his intimate friends, the *Little Merry Andrew:* he was written to, a few years ago, with an offer of a very capital engagement, by a manager, who had not acted altogether upon the square by him, in the course of a former connexion; to which he wrote the following humorous answer:

"SIR,

Though a little *black mazzard*, like mine, has been exhibited, upon your boards, to the satisfaction of the public, yet, as I was cursedly *bit*, by you, when you gobbled the *fruits* of your performers' labours, I have made up my mind, that you never shall make "*two bites of*—

A. CHERRY."

An Irish gentleman, on reading the late accounts of stealing children, observed, with great concern, that, if this practice became general, it would put an end to the rising generation.

A caricature is preparing of "*the Beggar on horseback*," and underneath it is written, Bonaparte.

A gentleman has made some inquiry, concerning the coach, that was driven violently through King-street, Covent-Garden, about a week ago, with three men on the box, and the *piteous cries* of a supposed Lady, heard from within, as related in some of the Morning Papers; the result proves to be, that some drunken sailors had taken that method of conveying a *pig* from on board their ship; and that the animal, not being accustomed to be treated as a *cabin passenger*, had given the most unmusical proofs of *mutiny* in the voyage, for which he has since been condemned and executed, without the ceremony of a Court Martial.

An *Irish* paper says, 5000 *pickled* and *dried* salmon, caught in the Shannon, were lately sent to the Dublin market. The account adds, "there is no other river, in Europe, so productive in *that kind* of fish."

It is said that Bonaparte has proposed to the Spanish Government to establish a *Partnership Bank*, one branch of which is to be in Madrid, the other in Paris: the king of Spain is to find *gold* and *silver*, and the Chief Consul is to find *paper*.

A *Doctor* advertises, in a provincial paper, that he shall be happy of an *opportunity* to attend the public in general, and his friends in *particular*.

A French writer has just dedicated to Madame Bonaparte, a treatise on "*The Art of composing in Music, without knowing any thing about it.*"—In this art, as well in literature as in music, the Ladies of France have, for more than an hundred years past, been wonderful proficients. To it, in truth, are they indebted for their fairest fame in wit, in literature, in music, in painting, in dress, and in the genuine captivations of refined and delicate love.

The finest piece of *Derbyshire ware* at present, either for brilliancy of colours, or delicacy of skin, is Lady A. M. Stanhope.

A Captain *Devil* has been confined, for several months, in the Temple, by order of Bonaparte, on suspicion of being a principal in the affair of the *infernal* machine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CONTRAST.

ON BEING SHEWN A ROSE, AND ASKED IF I EVER SAW ANY THING MORE BEAUTIFUL.

How lively are the ROSE'S hues,
When morn its op'ning bloom displays,
When spangled with celestial dews,
It meets the early florist's gaze:
But far more lively are the tints that glow,
And o'er MARIA'S cheeks their radiance throw.

How rich the pure nectareous bliss,
The honey-stealing pirate tastes,
As, eager for the blushing kiss,
From leaf to leaf he trembling hastes:
But far more pure, more lasting joy he reaps,
Who tastes all pleasure on MARIA'S lips.

Securely Nature round the ROSE,
Has plac'd a thorn entangled guard,
While VENUS 'gainst Maria's foes,
An host of CUPIDS has prepar'd:
If in your hand you fear the thorny smart,
MARIA shun—her CUPIDS wound the heart.

FERDINANDO.

—

[The following just tribute to departed worth, is copied from the Palladium. This elegiac lay deserves our liberal encomium, not only for its poetical beauty, but for its signal *truth*. MR. FRAZIER was one of the Editor's most affectionate friends, and we take this occasion to testify to the uncommon purity and excellence of his social, moral, and religious character.]

ON THE DEATH OF NATHAN FRAZIER, ESQ.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.
HORACE.

The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.
MASON.

Spirit of sainted worth! The Muse shall tell
Thy various virtues, zealous to commend,
Ere yet she bids thy hallowed shade farewel,
Shall hail the son, the kinsman, Christian, friend.

Blest son! thy virtue to a parent's age
The strong support of filial duty gave;
Consoled her sorrows with thy converse sage,
And bade her bless thy victory o'er the grave.

Blest kinsman! Form'd for feeling, love, relief,
Where Nature wove the close and tender tie,
Thy generous pity check'd the tide of grief,
Smooth'd the sad brow, and hush'd the throbbing sigh.

Blest friend! Whose manly sense, acute and sound,
Bright with enlivening Wit's unsullied flame,
To Friendship's ear forever pleasing sound,
Endear'd thy presence, and embalms thy name.

Blest Christian! to whose clear unclouded mind
The cherub, Faith, unveil'd the courts above,
Taught thee, without a sigh, to leave behind
This world, dependent on a Saviour's love.

Go ye, who knew him, imitate his worth,
To happier worlds on Faith's strong pinions fly,
And learn, superior to the cares of earth,
To live like FRAZIER and like FRAZIER die.

—

SONG, FROM THE ITALIAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

This heart with soft devotion,
Dwells ever on thy charms;
And joys in the emotion,
Which ev'ry pulse alarms:
Those smiles so sweetly playing,
Those eyes fond love betraying.
This heart with soft devotion,
Dwells ever on thy charms:
And joys in the emotion,
Which ev'ry pulse alarms.
Thus happy, love possessing,
What can increase the blessing? O.

—

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

MESSRS. PRINTERS.

[As the musical notes of the Democrats grow languid, when thrilling their favourite song, "JEFFERSON and LIBERTY," I take the freedom to send you a substitute, in hopes to invigorate their organs and prepare them against the ensuing season, for caucusses at gaols, and for thanksgivings on the fourth of March, 1803—4 and 5.]

A NEW "PATRIOTIC" SONG.

The democratic Night prevails,
The reign of Order now is o'er;
Its soldiers, sheriffs, ropes and jails,
Its clans of Judges, are no more!
Rejoice, ye Jacobins, rejoice,
To rulers never bend the knee,
But join with bumper, soul and voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

Duane no more the halter dreads,
The torrent of his lies to check;
No gallows Cheatham's dreams invades,
Nor lours o'er Holt's devoted neck.
Rejoice, ye libellers, rejoice,
"Twice fifty thousand lies," so free,
To Slander's notes shall tune each voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

Aurora, hail, with Irish yell!
Our chief beneath thy *boreal* morn,
Rebuild Rebellion's midnight cell,
For Faction's scribblers yet unborn.
Ye Printers' Devils all rejoice!
From gags your lying throats are free;
Then rail with goose-quill, heart and voice
For J———N and Liberty.

Here foreign rogues shall boast an home,
Here Freedom's *sacred tree* shall spread,
And Patriots, yet unhang'd, shall come,
To bask and tipple in its shade.
Rejoice, *infuriate man*, rejoice,
Welcome, *oppress'd Humanity;*
From hempen scapes join heart and voice
For J———N and Liberty.

In wastes the *flower-de-luce** shall blow,
Whisky the *Mammoth's* thirst supply;
And gin in nectar'd streamlets flow,
Distilling from the pores† of rye.
Rejoice, ye Whisky Boys, rejoice,
Your drams from vile excise are free;
Then join with bumper, heart and voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

Ope, ope the *mouth of Labour* wide,
With whisky fill its gorging jaws;
Then set the seventh command aside,
And "Christian bigot's holy laws."
Rejoice, ye Libertines, rejoice,
And hail *self-government*, so free,
Join lass and glass, and heart and voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

All bigot chains our chief unites;
For Devil nor for God to care;
Or if variety we prize,
Has *twenty Gods* or more to spare.
Rejoice, ye Infidels, rejoice,
From law and conscience quite set free,
And curse the Priests with Lincoln's voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

His arts could make the *Feds* divide,
Could oil the pipes of noisy Giles;
Hence Mason puffs *Virginia's* pride,
And hence the strut that Davis feels.
Rejoice, ye speechmakers, rejoice.
Pour tropes in nonsense duty free,
Join Smith's and Bacon's braying voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

Brackenridge hails a scene so bright;
Van Ness some inspiration draws;
Ev'n Randolph guards so dear a right,
And raves in such a glorious cause.
Ye men of Metaphor rejoice,
*New Stylites** in philosophy;
Join every brain, and tongue, and voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

For now, no harpies, but our own
Shall gorge the public loaves and fish;
Our Bishops, Lyons, Linns alone,
Shall swill each democratic dish.
Rejoice, ye Postmasters, rejoice,
Collectors, Marshals, bend the knee,
Join hand and fist, and heart and voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

These gifts, Democracy, are thine!
Immortal may their mem'ries be,
Whigs, shorten'd by the guillotine,
Or cropp'd or hang'd for liberty.
Rejoice in death, Marat, rejoice,
With thine illumin'd spirit free,
Inspire us heart, and soul, and voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

From "*Georgia* to lake *Champlain*,"
"From seas to *Missisippi's* shore,"
Ye sons of Faction loud proclaim,
That Law and Order are no more.
Rejoice, ye Jacobins, rejoice,
To God or man ne'er bend the knee,
But join with heart, and soul, and voice,
For J———N and Liberty.

—

A MODERN ANTIQUE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To form a patriot's and a sage's mind,
How strange a medley, *days of old* combin'd!
Of wit and folly, genius void of sense,
Malicious deeds, and mildness in pretence,
And *pious* Atheism, profligate and grave,
Serenely pure, and wenching with a slave.

If friendship's rights, the patriot's boson mov'd,
Inquire of Walker's wife, how much he lov'd.
For faith to promise wouldst thou chant hi praise?
For paltry gold, lo! precious paste-board pays
Eternal God! he bows before thy throne,
Rises, and whistles, "twenty Gods or none."
Such was the *patriot sage* of ancient times:
Oh! may such patriots never grace our clime
Nor Virtue lend the mask to hide the base crimes!

* Alluding either to the settlement at *Galliopolis*, or to the *coming in* of the French at *Louisiana*.

† "And honey sweating from the pores of oak."
DRYDEN.

* Whether this refers to the *new style* of philosophi and political eloquence, or alludes to the old monki preachers, particularly *Simeon*, called the *Stylite*, wh prophesied thirty years from the top of a post, is uncer tain.

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